

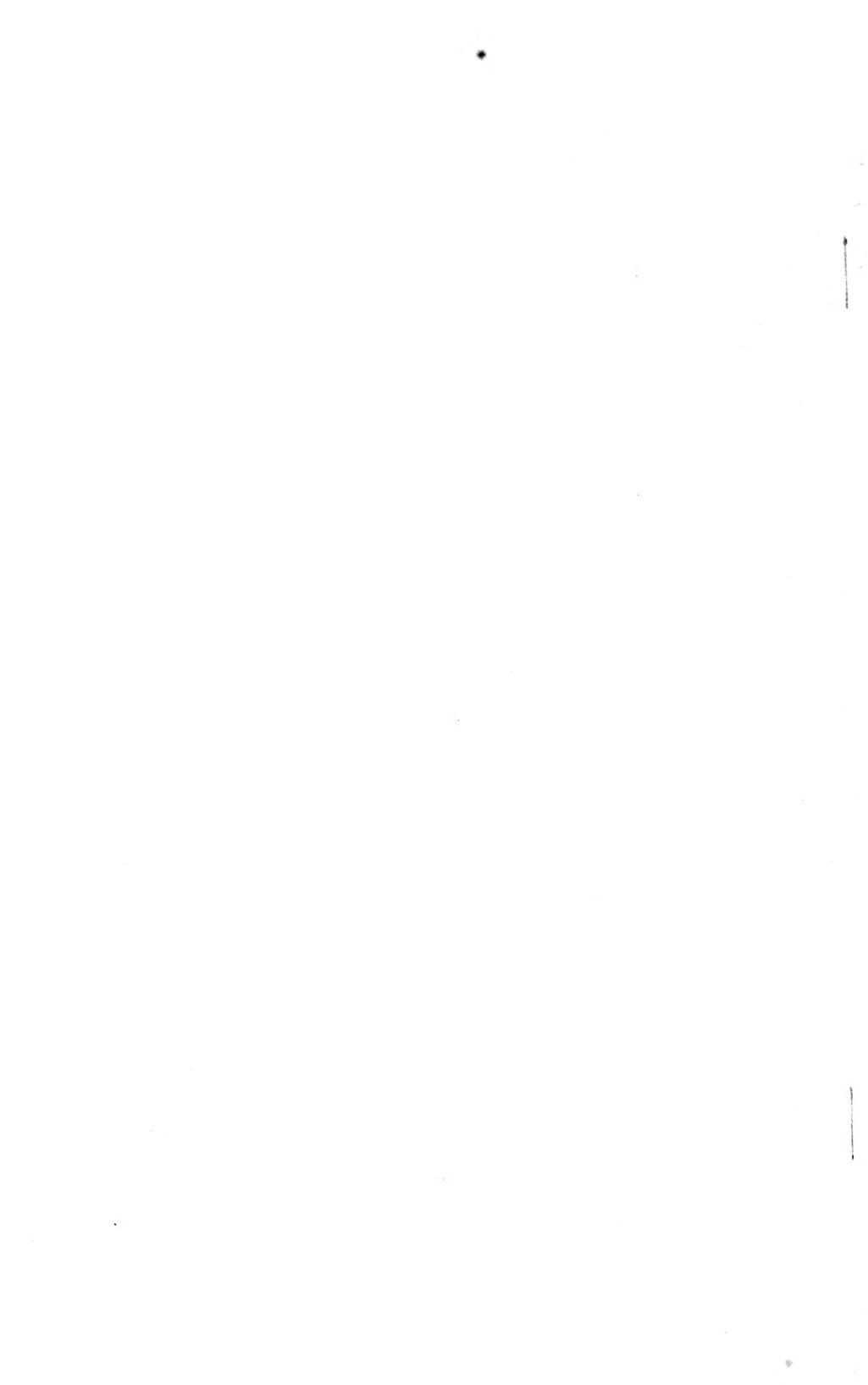
PS 2199
.L36
Copy 1

SONS OF MATTATHIAS



A DRAMA

JOHN A. LAMPE



SONS OF MATTATHIAS

A DRAMA



BY

JOHN A. LAMPE

11

The production of this play is subject to permission of the Author

Published by J. A. LAMPE
807 FORT DEARBORNE BUILDING, CHICAGO

Copyright 1898 by John A. Lampe

619.78
419.8

Library of Congress

Two COPIES RECEIVED

JAN 9 1901

Copyright entry

Dec. 23, 1898

No. 75190

SECOND COPY

Delivered to

ORDER DIVISION

JAN 12 1901

PS 2194

L 36

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

JEWS.

Judas Maccabeus.....A son of Mattathias
Mattathias.....A High Priest of Israel
Merza.....A child of Judea
Attalus.....Brother to Merza
Nahum.....Father of Merza
Zacharias.....A wandering Jew
Caleb.....A servant to Mattathias
Seba.....A citizen
Alpheus.....A guard
Apphus }
Gaddus }
Abaron }.....Brothers to Judas Maccabeus
Thasi

GREEKS.

Apollonius.....Governor of Samaria
Apelles.....Governor of Judea
Melos.....A Greek Officer
Darius }.....Greek Guards
Virturius }
Lazyeus.....One who wants to be a soldier
Althea }
Cyrene }.....Patricians
Lydia }
Myra }
Titus }.....Slave Boys
Linus }
Dorothy }.....Greek Maidens
Sibyl }

SYNOPSIS.

Place of action, Judea. Time, B. C. 175.

ACT I.—Street in Modin, the home of Mattathias. Guards of the period; the meeting of Judas Maccabeus and Merza; Lazycus and Zacharais become friends; Mattathias; the compact; the assault; Mattathias protects Merza; arrival of Apelles; Mattathias gives his answer to King Antiochus; the revolt.

ACT II.—One week later—the apartments of Melos. Caleb betrays his master.

ACT III.—The same night—the abode of Mattathias in the mountains. Caleb conducts Melos thither; a cowardly blow staid; Melos wreaks vengeance upon Caleb; Merza to the rescue of Mattathias; Judas Maccabeus appears at a critical moment; Melos is given his liberty; death of Mattathias.

ACT IV.—Three months later—the camp of Judas Maccabeus. Lazycus becomes a soldier; oration of Maccabeus to his soldiers; startling news; death of Attalus; the call “To Arms!”

ACT V.—The next night—the camp of Apollonius. A night of revelry interrupted; the attack of the Maccabees; the battle; death of Apollonius; victory.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

R. means *right of the stage facing the audience*; C., *center*; L., *left*; R. C., *right of center*; L. C., *left of center*; 1 E., *first entrance*; 2 E., *second entrance*; 3 E., *third entrance*; U. E., *upper entrance*.

COSTUMES.

(All characters to wear fleshings and sandals.)

JEWS.

JUDAS MACCABEUS—First and third acts, white tunic with red drapery; hair curled, or short curly wig.

Fourth and fifth acts, military body dress (red), with drapery; helmet; short sword; shield.

MATTATHIAS—First and third acts, white robes; white wig and beard; staff.

MÉRZA (Woman)—White robes falling gracefully to form, with gold or silver girdle; long flowing drapery; black wavy hair or wig, falling loosely over shoulders; bracelets; ornamental head-dress.

ATTALUS—First and third acts, red tunic, with drapery; hair curled or curly wig.

Fourth act, tunic torn and ragged, to give the appearance of having been through a battle.

ZACHARIAS—First act (to imitate a Jew peddler), long dark gown, with patches here and there; flowing sleeves, somewhat fringed; half bald black wig; black beard; tray (suspended by cord around neck), containing assortment of articles for sale.

CALEB—Second and third acts, humpback, and should walk lame; tattered tunic or skins for body dress; scraggy gray (half bald) wig; chin beard; short staff.

ZEBA—First act, tunic of light color.

NAHUM—Fifth act, gown of dark color, somewhat ragged; gray wig and beard.

APPHUS—Fourth and fifth acts, military body-dress, with drapery; helmet; short sword.

SOLDIERS OF JUDAS—The twelve soldiers who drill in Act IV should be costumed alike as near as possible. Military body-dress (red); helmets; spears; shields.

GREEKS.

APOLLONIUS—Fifth act, gorgeous military body-dress; drapery; short sword; head-band; short curly wig; mustache and beard optional.

APELLES—First act, military body-dress, with drapery; helmet; sword.

LAZYCUS—First act, Greek tunic; red wig; black tights, to be stuffed out at knees; sandals; leather pouch, carried at side with flask. (Bale carried by Lazycus made of burlap and stuffed with paper or excelsior.)

Fourth and fifth acts, comic military body-dress (as ridiculous as possible); large sword and shield; helmet; same tights as in first act.

MELOS—First, second, third and fifth acts, military body-dress, with drapery; helmet; sword.

DARIUS and **VIRTURIUS**—First, second and fifth acts, costumed alike; military body-dress, with drapery; helmets; swords.

GREEK SOLDIERS—Fifth act, military body-dress; helmets; shields; swords. (A distinction should be made between Greek and Maccabee soldiers.)

ALTHEA, CYRENE, LYDIA, MYRA—First and fifth acts, Greek gowns of light shades, with drapery; headbands; bracelets; sandals.

DOROTHY, SIBYL—First and fifth acts, Greek gowns.

TITUS, LINUS—Fifth act, blackened to represent slaves; kinky wigs; leopard skins thrown over shoulders; black tights.

ACT I.

SCENE—*Street in Modin. Ancient Greek buildings, columns, arches, etc.; Pedestal, C.; fac-simile of marble, with bust of Greek god Jupiter mounted thereon; Marble bench, L.; DARIUS resting on spear, U. R., looking out to R.*

(Enter MELOS quickly L. 1 E.; discovers DARIUS.)

MELOS—Ho, ho! my good Darius! Well met. (C.)

DARIUS—Greeting, my dear Melos. (Advances to MELOS.)

MELOS—By Bacchus! (Slapping DARIUS on shoulder.) It has been an age since I saw thee last. But why so morose? (Inquiringly). Hath the wine cup grown sour, or—ha! ha! ha! perhaps thy latest love affair hath been cast to the winds.

DARIUS—Nay, nay, my friend; thou art all wrong. I was thinking of slaves when thou comest upon me.

MELOS—Slaves! ha! ha! ha! Then thou didst indeed have gloomy thoughts for such a bright and glorious morning. Come, that is too much to waste thy precious moments on—these base, ignoble, miserable creatures. Darius, methinks thou hast supped upon something which does not agree with thy inner man.

DARIUS—Again thou art wrong, my worthy. But see! Are we not all slaves? The common herd are slaves to their masters, and their masters are slaves to gold. The soldier is a slave to his King, and the King—(MELOS makes gesture for silence) aye, even the King is a slave to—

MELOS—Sh!—! (making gesture for silence and looking about). Other ears than mine might call thy words treason. But, look you here, Darius, he who would be at peace with himself must serve his King, and serve him well.

DARIUS—Aye, my dear Melos, in that I have never been lacking.

MELOS—Truly spoken; truly spoken. (Crosses R.)

DARIUS—Hast thou heard aught, Melos, from the illustrious Antiochus?

MELOS (*confidentially*)—The edict of the King hath gone forth, and woe be unto the luckless Jew who fails to sacrifice to the gods, and to-day shall see the high priest Mattathias bow down at the altar of Jupiter (*pointing to pedestal*), or repent his folly in a dungeon cell; for so says Apelles.

DARIUS—Good, good! Death, I say, to the wretches!

MELOS—Now, speakest thou like Darius again. But come, my worthy; away to the tower, to have a cup with me (*they are going*), and to feast and be merry; and by the grace of Bacchus I'll give thee wine fit for the gods! (*Exit R. 2 E.*)

(Enter MERZA L. U. E., with basket of flowers. Comes down L. C.)

MERZA—Ere this Attalus should have returned. I will bide here awhile. (*Goes to bench L.; sits down; arranges flowers.*)

(Enter JUDAS MACCABEUS, R. U. E.; discovers MERZA.)

JUDAS (*in surprise*)—Merza! Thou in Modin? (*Crosses to her. MERZA, rising, meets JUDAS.*) Truly, heaven hath bestowed this joy.

MERZA—Judas, I am happy to see thee.

JUDAS—And thy brother, the good Attalus, is here?

MERZA—Even now I await his return. We came but this morning to bring offerings to the Temple and to learn what news hath come from Antiochus.

JUDAS (*aside*)—Antiochus! (*to MERZA*) Ah, Merza, thou art like a bright ray of sunlight flashed upon the dark thoughts that have been crowding upon me.

MERZA—Judas, thou art troubled.

JUDAS—Aye, that I am; sorely troubled; come, let us be seated. (*Leads her to bench L.*) Merza, thou hast plighted thy troth to me. Do thou ever hold it sacred. As a little child I learned to love thee, Merza. Together we scaled the vine-clad hills that surround dear old Mispah; together we played at the mountain brook, and knew naught of danger. We grew up side by side, each year entwining our affections more closely together, and all the world was beauty and contentment. But to-day a dark, ominous cloud has broken over our land, a cloud of tyranny and oppression, and who knows; perhaps this very day we may be called upon to defend country, home and friends. Aye! (*rising*) Merza, I would be the first to draw the sword for liberty and justice.

MERZA (*looking up at JUDAS*)—And I would guard thee, Judas, with my prayers.

JUDAS—May all the blessings be showered upon thee—thou goest to the Temple, Merza?

MERZA (*rising*)—Yes.

JUDAS—Then I go with thee, for thou art not safe among

these barbarians. (MERZA picks out flower from basket and hands it to JUDAS.) May thy life be ever as bright and sweet as this flower.—Come. (Exit R. 2 E.)

(Enter LAZYCUS, L. U. E., carrying bale on his back; labors heavily; drops bale, L. C.)

LAZ.—Verily, I say, this is a dog's life. By the fates, I most forgot (taking flask from belt), 'tis the feast of Bacchus to-day, and the master has been most liberal. My master calls me an ungainly knave. He says that I spoil the beauty of the earth, and that if he were in my place he would put an end to the latter. Ah! but my master knows me not. He knows not what ambition is smouldering in this manly breast. (Strikes chest.) Nay! nay! we Greeks were intended for something higher—something more noble, than serving masters. Oh, for the life of a soldier!—to fight, feast and be merry! Verily the gods have formed me for a great general. But I must not forget 'tis the feast of Bacchus. (Raises flask to lips.)

(Shouts from R. LAZYCUS turns in alarm.)

LAZ.—Now, by Pollux! what can this mean? (Looks about. More shouts.)

(Enter ZACHARIAS, R. U. E., with a bound, shouting.)

ZACH.—Oh, Jerusalem! I must have struck the wrong town!

LAZ. (Jumping behind bale)—By Hercules, what have we here?

(Shouts from R.)

ZACH. (shaking fist to R.)—Oh, you loafers! (Discovers LAZYCUS.) Ah, my friend, art thou one of us?

LAZ.—Nay, nay, thou Jew. I am a Greek. I am a soldier. (Aside.) That is, I am going to be one.

ZACH.—Eh-h-h? A soldier? (Surveys LAZYCUS.) Yea, yea. Truly, thou lookest every inch a soldier. Behold in me another. (Aside.) That is, I am going to be one. What is thy name, friend?

LAZ.—Lazycus. But I am no friend of thine, for I join the camp of Apollonius forthwith. (Starts to R.)

ZACH.—Stay! stay! my worthy Lazycus; be not so rash. Tak' the word of Zacharias and join not with Apollonius, for I tell thee he is a barbarian, and his soldiers are only half fed.

LAZ.—How now—what sayest thou? Z-z-z—thy name again?

ZACH.—Zacharias—Zacharias. I come from Samaria.

LAZ.—Ay! ay! my worthy Z-Z-Z-Zac-Zacher—Cracker—Zacker—By Bacchus! I can't twist my tongue so.

ZACH.—Zach-a-rias! Oh, Jerusalem, that is easy, my friend.

LAZ.—Ah, yes; Zach—Zacher—Zacher—Pollux! Let it go at that! Thou sayest his soldiers are only half fed?

ZACH.—Aye! it is so said.

LAZ.—Then, by the fates, I foreswear the wretches, for that touches me in a vital spot, and if they stint me, how shall I be able to face the enemy? But stay, my good Zach, whom wouldest thou have me join?

ZACH.—Sh-h-h. (*In undertone.*) Canst thou keep a secret?

LAZ.—Trust a Greek for that.

ZACH.—And promise never to reveal it?

LAZ.—By yonder Jupiter (*pointing to altar*), and the big gates of Jerusalem, I swear!

ZACH.—Fast in the mountains of Modin lies a little band of brave patriots who love their country, but refuse the laws of that monstrous King, Antiochus. They are gaily growing in number, and under the guidance of the high priest Matthias they will soon strike a blow that will free Judea of her tyrants. Let us go thither.

LAZ.—Treason, treason! I will proclaim it to the King at once. (*Starts off R.*)

ZACH.—Stay, my friend, don't get excited. Remember you swore.

LAZ. (*turning*)—But tell me, good Zach., do they feed their soldiers well?

ZACH.—Aye, aye; on the best. (*Slips flask from LAZYCUS and attempts to drink.*)

LAZ. (*counting on fingers*)—Pie?

ZACH.—Aye, truly, truly. (*Makes another attempt.*)

LAZ.—And cake?

ZACH.—Doubt it not, my good Lazycus. (*Makes another attempt.*)

LAZ.—And cream-puffs?

ZACH.—Aye! Aye! I have said it. (*Makes another attempt.*)

LAZ.—And ice cream?

ZACH.—Aye! Aye! Aye! I have told thee so. (*Drinks contents.*)

LAZ.—Oh, ye gods! What a meal for a soldier. Zach, I

am with you. (*They shake hands.* ZACHARIAS replaces flask without discovery.)

ZACH.—Let us go at once.

LAZ. (*picking up bale*)—Lead on Zach! Lead on. I follow. (*They start out R.*)

(Enter MELOS, DARIUS and VIRTURIUS, quickly, R. 2 E. ZACHARIUS and LAZYCUS start back in alarm.)

LAZ.—Ah-h-h! (*Drops bale L., and hides behind it.*)

ZACH. (c.)—Oh, Jerusalem!

MELOS (r. c.)—Now, what dark conspiracy? Hold, thou Jew. What dost thou here? What is thy name? Where dost thou hail from? Answer quickly.

ZACH. (*aside*)—By the memory of my forefathers, he wants to know the whole history at one time (*advances to MELOS and holds out tray*). My friend, just see the bargains, look at them, examine them—

MELOS (*sharp'y*)—Silence, knave! Keep thy wagging tongue quiet!

LAZ. (*from behind bale*)—Oh dear! oh dear, this is no place for me!

ZACH. (*to MELOS*)—But my friend, just look—

MELOS—Enough, miserable tramp. What care we for thy accursed stuff? Obey the King's command and make thy sacrifice to Jupiter (*pointing to a 'tar*).

ZACH.—Ah, my friends, but Jehovah is not of stone.

MELOS—Seize him, guards! He denies the gods! (*Guards seize him.*)

ZACH. (*strugg'ing*)—But my friends—

MELOS—Away with him, guards! The city is well rid of such as thee. (*DARIUS and VIRTURIUS drag ZACHARIAS out R. 2 E.*)

LAZ. (*from behind bale*)—Fare thee well, Zach! fare thee well!

MELOS (*to LAZYCUS*)—Here, thou knave, come forward. (*LAZYCUS comes cautiously.*) I see thou art a Greek?

LAZ.—Aye (*advances trembling*), and I would fain be a soldier like thee.

MELOS—A soldier! (*Stamping with foot.* LAZYCUS *draws back frightened.*) Thou creature of awkwardness, get thee hence quickly! (*Waves to L.*)

(LAZ. *picks up bale and starts out to R.*)

MELOS—Nay—nay! Go that way (*pointing to L.*).

LAZ.—But I would go that way. (R.)

MELOS—I say, go that way—dolt! (L.)

LAZ.—But my destination lies that way. (R.)

MELOS—Go, I say! (L.)

LAZ.—But my master says—

MELOS—Vex me not; thou scurvy slave, or I'll have thee in the dungeon in a trice! LAZYCUS *exits L.*)

MELOS—Now to join my comrades. (*Exits R.*)

LAZ. (*re-enters from L., looks after the departing MELOS and laughs loudly*). And I say I will go that way. (*Crosses to R.*) Knave! Dolt! Scurvy slave! Fine names for a Greek—and this on the feast of Bacchus. Yes, I will join Zach's army in the mountains and then (*shaking fist*), by all the gods—woe to thee, guards, when we meet again! (*Exits R. with bale.*)

(Enter JUDAS R. 2 E.)

JUDAS (R. C.)—The guards no longer screen their acts of violence by the cover of darkness, but now force their cruelties in the open street. (*Starts to L. U. E.*)

(Enter ATTALUS, quick'y, L. U. E.)

JUDAS (C.)—Welcome, my good Attalus. (*They clasp hands.*)

ATTALUS—Judas, I greet thee. Hast thou seen Merza?

JUDAS—I have just left Merza at the Temple. She is no longer safe in the streets alone.

ATTALUS—Then news hath come from Antiochus?

JUDAS—News? Yes. I have but now come from Jerusalem, and 'tis commanded that our people shall forsake the laws of our fathers and abide by those of the heathens.

ATTALUS—Which we cannot do!

JUDAS—Can not! Nay, Attalus, say rather which we *will* not do!

ATTALUS—Ay, will not do!—But what doth the venerable Mattathias, thy father, make answer?

JUDAS—I but now go to have audience with him. Do thou come with me. (*JUDAS starts to cross to L.*)

(Enter MATTATHIAS R. U. E.)

ATTALUS (*discovering MATTATHIAS*)—Stay! Thy father doth approach.

MATTA. (*advancing to ATTALUS, who kneel's L. C. to receive blessing*)—A greeting to thee, my good Attalus (*then advancing to JUDAS, who kneels R. C.*)—And welcome, Judas, my son. What tidings dost thou bring?

JUDAS (*rising*)—Father, I have just returned from Jerusalem. The city is in the hands of the tyrants, and the proclamation of Antiochus hath gone forth.

MATTA. (*in distress*)—God forbid!

JUDAS—Aye—God forbid. Father, we have become as slaves. Not base, ignoble slaves who crouch beneath their master's lash, but slaves to a treacherous king, cruel despots, rich with plunder of our fellow countrymen—tyrants, who with lawless force and guilty hand have spread desolation throughout our land. Each day new crimes of oppression and protected murder cries out against them. But this very day one of our kinsmen was struck down like a brute by a hireling of that barbarian Antiochus, because forsooth he bowed not low in shameful mockery at the altar of their graven god. Be we men and view such outrages in silence? Men, and draw not sword of justice? Such shames are many, and we know of greater wrongs.

MATTA.—My son, my days are few. Now hath pride and chastisement gotten strength, and the time of destruction and indignation is nigh. Therefore, my son, take courage and behave manfully in the laws of your fathers; for by it you shall be glorious. Go! assemble thy countrymen—all who have a good will and are zealous of its laws, and be prepared, for the time of action is at hand.

JUDAS (*knee's to receive b'essing, then rising clasps hand of MATTATHIAS*)—Father, thy will shall be obeyed.

(MATTATHIAS *e:its L. 1 E.* JUDAS *follows to L. AT-*
TALUS crosses from L. C. to R. C., looks after MATTAT-
THIAS until he has made exit, then crosses to JUDAS.)

ATTALUS (*taking JUDAS by hand*)—Judas, thou hast no stancher friend in all Judea than I.

JUDAS (*turning to ATTALUS*)—Ere this thy words have been proven. Attalus, thou knowest well the story of our thraldom, and shall we continue to basely view the ruin? No! by the eternal God, I swear our people shall be free. Hark you, Attalus. Already our kinsmen to the number of a thousand are secreted in the mountains, and it needs but the word to put them in battle array. Therefore, when thou returnest to thy home do thou exhort thy countrymen to be true and loyal to the cause. Misrah is the gateway of the approach from Samaria, and should an army be sent from Antiochus do thou send me a messenger at once.

ATTALUS—Unless my heart's blood moisten a Greek blade
I will not fail thee.

JUDAS—Thou wert ever brave and true, Attalus. Do thou
guard thy sister well, for thou knowest I love her above all on
earth.

ATTALUS—She is thy betrothed wife, Judas. She is my
sister. Dear as she is to thee, none the less dear is she to me.
I will protect her with my life.

JUDAS (*crossing to L. 1 E.*)—Come, then, let us arm our-
selves, for ere the day grows old we may have need of a sword's
point.

(JUDAS and ATTALUS *exit L. 1 E.*)

(Enter ALTHEA and CYRENE, *with garlands*, R. U. E.)

ALTHEA—And to-day is the feast of Bacchus. (C.)

CYRENE—Verily, the gods have indeed given us a perfect
day for the occasion. (*Advances to altar.*)

ALTHEA—Hail to thee, Jupiter. Thus do we sacrifice to
thee. (*They place garlands on altar.*) Smile on our joys to-day.
(They are seated on bench L.)

CYRENE—And Apelles gives a grand banquet. See (R.)
the guests are already assembling. (Enter LYDIA and MYRA,
leisurely, L. U. E. and *place garlands on altar.* DOROTHY
and SIBYL *follow leisurely after LYDIA and MYRA and re-*
main L. C.) Oh, it will be a glorious night, Althea, a glorious
night. Oh, the music, the song, the wild revelry, the wine
that will flow like a crimson stream. Oh, this would be a dull
world, indeed, Althea, were it not for us Greeks.

(LYDIA and MYRA *advance R. C.)*

CYRENE (*discovering LYDIA and MYRA*)—Ah, Lydia and
Myra (*rising*), we give thee greeting.

LYDIA—We return thy greeting, and wish thee much joy.

MYRA (*coming R. 2 E.*)—Ah, here comes the noble Melos.
Now we shall hear what of the day.

(Enter MELOS R. 2 E., *quickly.*)

ALTHEA (L. C.)—Tarry, my good Melos. Why this haste?

CYRENE—Yea, thou struttest along as if in pursuit of an
enemy.

MELOS—I greet thee, fair ladies. (*Saluting them.*) May
the blessings of Venus be with you, and your beauty never grow
less.

LYDIA—Ah! Melos, thou wert ever a gay flatterer.

MYRA—Go' st thou also to the banquet of Apelles?

MELOS—Alas, no; for my time will be fully occupied.

ALTHEA—And pray what has transpired to make thine hours so precious?

MELOS—Have ye not heard the news?

LADIES (*in chorus*)—No!

MELOS—Then know you that a proclamation hath been issued and all Jews are commanded under the penalty of imprisonment and death to obey the law as set forth by the illustrious Antiochus, and their Temple is ordered closed.

LADIES (*in chorus*)—Ah!

LYDIA—This is, indeed, good news.

MELOS—And more. They who refuse are already being sold into slavery, and a fair Jewess will bring a good price at the slave market in Antioch.

ALTHEA—And thou art seeking to increase thy fortune?

MELOS—And why not?

CYRENE—Then thou hadst better retrace thy steps, for I did see a comely Jewess go into their temple as we passed by.

MELOS—Thither will I go at once. Farewell, dear ladies (*salutes*), and may the gods grant you joy on this, the feast of Bacchus. (*Exits R. 2 E.*)

ALTHEA—A dashing officer is the noble Melos.

CYRENE—And handsome, too. 'Tis rumored that he will succeed Apelles.

ALTHEA—But look. Who is yon strange man approaching?

CYRENE (*all look L. 1 E.*)—Ah, 'tis the fanatical old high priest of the Jews, Mattathias—one who thinks he can compel the illustrious Antiochus to submit to his wishes. Ha! ha! ha! Come, let us hence, for what care we for his preachings. (*All exit R. 1 E.*)

(Enter MATTATHIAS L. 1 E.)

MATTA.—Go! go! Accursed idolitors. (*So'iloquizes.*) Woe is me! Wherefore was I born to see the ruin of my people! The holy places are come into the hands of strangers; the sessels of her glory are carried away captive; her old men are murdered in the streets, and her young men are fallen by the sword of the enemy. And, behold, our sanctuary and our beauty and our glory is laid waste, and the Gentiles have defiled them. To what end, then, should we live any longer? (*A woman's scream R.*) MATTATHIAS *looks startled.*)

(Enter MERZA, *hastily*, R. 2 E.)

MERZA (*screaming*)—Help—save me—save me! (*Sinks down exhausted R. of MATTATHIAS*) I am—pursued—by the guard!

MATTA. (*in alarm*)—Merza! (*Jew and Greek citizens enter hastily L. U. E. and R. U. E.*)

(Enter MELOS, quickly, R. 2 E.)

MATTA. (*throwing arm aloft as MELOS enters*)—Hold, coward! Would you harm a child?

MELOS (*pointing to MERZA*)—That woman is my captive.

MATTA. (*defiantly*)—She is under my protection. Has it come to this, that women are no longer safe in the streets of Modin?

MELOS—In the name of the King, I demand her!

MATTA (*takes MERZA by the hand, assists her to rise, and quickly places her to left side*)—And in the name of the Almighty Jehovah, I say *no!*

A GREEK CIT.—He refuses to obey the law!

GREEKS (*in chorus*)—Aye! 'tis treason! Seize him!

MELOS (*drawing scord*)—Aside! I will have her!

MATTA—Wretch! I fear not the blade of a coward who will hunt down defenseless women. Mattathias is an old man, but I tell thee that ere thou canst take this child, thou must first cross over my corpse!

MELOS (*returning scord to scabbard*)—Apelles shall be informed at once. (Exit MELOS, R. 2 E.)

MATTA.—Go! (To MERZA) Be at peace, Merza, for thou art among friends. (Leads her to L. C.)

A GREEK CIT. (*stepping forward R. C., and addressing GREEK CITIZENS*)—Citizens of Modin, he bath spurned the law! He is a traitor! Let us seize him! I for one say, down with the Jews. (Starts toward MATTATHIAS in threatening manner.)

GREEKS (*in chorus*)—Aye, down with them! (Commotion among GREEK and JEW citizens.)

MATTA. (*turns on GR. CITIZEN sharply, with defiance. He cowers*)—Thou speakest of law. Nay, thou who cravest for innocent blood knowest no law. Go hence, all of ye, creatures of sin and corruption. Hence!

A GREEK CIT.—Ho! citizens, he denounces the law and blasphemous. Come, let us on to Apelles. He shall deal with him.

GREEKS (*in chorus*)—Aye, to Apelles! On to Apelles!
(GREEKS *exit R. U. E., shouting.*)

MATTA. (C., *addressing JEWS*)—Ye men of Judea! Sons of freedom! Ye all did see what deed was done. Hark, hark, to a voice that bids ye rise. Have ye brave sons, to see them struck down by a ruffian horde? Have ye fair daughters, to see them torn from loving arms, and if ye dare call for justice, be answered with a lash? Shall we, like frightened sheep, sink down beneath the power of these hateful tyrants, who wield the law in this accursed hour?

JEWS (*in chorus*)—No! No!

(*Flourish of trumpets. All look R. Shouts (R.) Apelles! Apelles! Hail to Apelles!* GREEK *throng enters R. 2 E., shouting and gesticulating. Group, R. C.*)

(Enter APELLES, preceded by MELOS, DARIUS and VIRTURIUS, R. 2 E.)

APELLES (R. C.)—In the name of the illustrious King Antiochus, greeting!

GREEKS (*in chorus*)—Long live King Antiochus!

APELLES—I seek the high priest, Mattathias.

MATTA. (L. C.)—I am here. What wouldest thou of me?

APELLES—A message from the illustrious Antiochus.

(JEWS and GREEKS *look up in surprise. Apelles advances and hands roll of paper to MATTATHIAS, who reads.*)

“To the high priest Mattathias, Greeting:—Thou art a ruler, and an honorable and great man in this city, and adorned with sons and brethren. Therefore, come thou first and obey the King’s commandment, as all nations have done, and the men of Judea and they that remain in Jerusalem, and thou and thy sons shall be in the number of the King’s friends and enriched with gold and silver and many presents. This is the command of King Antiochus, and all men must obey.”

MATTA.—Is it to bow in silence to our oppressors? Is it to see our cities sacked and pillaged, and our people slain or sold as slaves? Is it to see the holy Temple polluted with strange gods and profaned with the blasphemy of these hateful tyrants? Woe to thee, Antiochus, thou proud King; thy tyrannies are at an end; thy flag of glory shall cease to wave, and Judea shall again be free! Sons of Judea, arise! arise! and throw off the yoke of oppression!

APELLES—Dost thou dare refuse to obey the King's command?

MATTA.—Aye! though all the nations under the King's dominion may obey him, I and my sons and brethren will obey the law of our fathers. We will not hearken to the words of Antiochus!

JEWS (*in chorus*)—No! No! We will not!

(Enter SEBA, r. U. E., with garland.)

APELLES—Ah! one of thy countrymen comes to give sacrifice. Make way! Thus is the law of Antiochus obeyed.

(SEBA advances and kneels before altar.)

MATTA. (*in a rage*)—Wretch! Thou art not worthy to breathe the air God gave thee! (*Rushes upon SEBA and strikes him down with staff. As SEBA falls, GREEKS scream. Commotion on both sides.*)

GREEKS (*in chorus*)—He is a murderer! He is a traitor! Seize him! Away! Away!

MATTA.—To arms! To arms, ye brave! Down with idolatry. That is the answer to Antiochus! (*Hurls roll of paper at APELLES.*)

APELLES—Guards, seize him!

(MELOS *draws sword and rushes at MATTATHIAS.*

JUDAS *rushes in L. 1 E., with drawn scord. Strikes sword from MELOS, who recoils. ATTALUS follows JUDAS to L.*)

JUDAS—Hold! Another step and thy life shall pay for it.

ACT II.

SCENE.—*Apartments of Me'cs.* Tab'e and two chairs R. C.; arch or doorway in flat c. VIRTURIUS stationed near doorway. MELOS discovered sitting.

MELOS (*reads*)—To my trusted officer Melos. Greeting; As revolt and insurrection has taken place among the Jews of our province, you are hereby commanded under orders from the most illustrious sovereign Antiochus to stamp out this rebellion at once. You are invested with full power. Slay those who are dangerous to the state and spare none who refuse the mandates of the king. Apelles, Governor of Judea.

MELOS (*rising*)—Verily, I have already laid plans to that end—Virturius! (VIRTURIUS advances to MELOS and salutes.) A certain Jew will shortly present himself; if he gives the name of Caleb, conduct him hither at once. (VIRTURIUS salutes MELOS and starts to exit.)

(Enter DARIUS, c. d., hastily. Exit VIRTURIUS, c. d.)

MELOS (*to DARIUS*)—Hail, Darius; thy visit is most opportune. Hast thou news?

DARIUS (R. C., MELOS L. C.)—My good Melos, 'tis plain that something must be done. This old fanatic Mattathias, together with his band of russians, have fled to the mountains and are arming themselves against the king. (Seats himself in chair R. of table.)

MELOS (*advancing to DARIUS*)—My worthy Darius, this is already known to me and also something of more import. (DARIUS looks up inquiring'y.) Nay, start not if I tell thee that I am aware of the exact location of Mattathias and his accursed followers.

DARIUS—How know you this?

MELOS—My friend (*in undertone*), creatures with an itching palm are many—creatures to whom corrupting gold would tempt to anything.

DARIUS—And has thou one such?

MELOS—Aye, that I have, one of their own people—a discontented wretch who hath a grievance and this, coupled with a greed for gold, he stands ready to do my bidding.

DARIUS—But this creature of whom thou speakest?

MELOS—I now await him. Hark you, Darius, 'twould

avail us naught to send our soldiers against this lawless rabble, they have secreted themselves in cave and cleft of the mountains which cannot be reached by a body of soldiers. They will not come out to fight but boldly defy the King's laws.

DARIUS (*rising hastily*)—Then, by Jupiter, let us starve the wretches out.

MELOS—Nay, we must secretly dispose of their leaders. Once this is accomplished—ha! ha! ha! be assured, my good Darius, the rest of the herd will soon come to terms.

DARIUS—And how wouldest thou proceed?

MELOS—Listen. In a rocky and almost impenetrable defile is the rude abode of Mattathias and his sons. With them is a man, Attalus, from Mispah, and his sister, who (if thou art not aware) is betrothed to this scoundrel Judas Maccabeus.

DARIUS—Now, what say you? Betrothed to Judas Maccabeus? This woman whom thou didst pursue in the street?

MELOS—Aye, of a truth. By Venus, 'twould sooth this wound of humiliation to have her seized. Yea, I would make her my slave.

DARIUS—But to accomplish this?

(Enter VIRTURIUS. *Salutes* MELOS.)

MELOS—How now, my good Virturius?

VIRT.—The Jew Caleb awaits your pleasure.

MELOS—Bid him enter at once. (VIRT. *steps to door*.)

(Enter CALEB, *nervous and excited*.)

MELOS—So you have come, Caleb?

CALEB—Most noble sir, at your service.

MELOS (*aside to DARIUS*) What think you, Darius, of this object?

DARIUS—if appearance be not deceptive, I would say thou hast a good subject. However, beware of treachery.

MELOS (*to CALEB*)—Hast thou discovered aught, Caleb?

CALEB (*looking cautiously about*)—The hiding place of Mattathias will be ungarded to-night.

MELOS—Ah (*turning to DARIUS with significant nod which is returned by DARIUS*)—Well, unfold your plans.

CALEB (*inquirig'y*)—The reward thou hast promised? Thou wilt keep faith with me?

MELOS—Yea, yea. I have given thee my word. Proceed.

CALEB—Thus it is, most noble sir. A meeting of their people will be held tonight in a cavern some distance from the abode of Mattathias. Judas and his cohorts go thither to speak to

them. Mattathias, the woman Merza and a single guard alone remain.

MELOS—Hear you, Darius? Now, by the fates, with a few of our soldiers—

CALEB (interposing)—Nay, nay, 'twould not be well. The approaches are guarded by their people. Thy soldiers would be discovered, an alarm sounded and all our plans ruined.

MELOS—Well, by what process then?

CALEB—A secret passage is known to me alone. Under cover of darkness I can lead thee to their hiding place without discovery.

MELOS—And thou wouldest have me go with thee?

CALEB—Aye, most excellent sir.

MELOS (*looking at DARIUS, who raises a warning hand.*)
MELOS turns on CALEB with fury)—Jew! (*grasps CALEB by shoulder and forcing him to his knees*) If thou art planning to betray me into the hands of thy people, by the gods I'll have thee beaten with clubs.

CALEB (*pleading*)—Nav, nay! 'tis not so, believe me. I'll betray thee not. I hate my people! I tire of their slavery! I, crippled and deformed, of what use to oppose the king's laws and lead a beggarly existence when riches await me. Nay, command me, most excellent sir.

MELOS—And wilt thou do my bidding?

CALEB—Yes, 'tis so agreed.

MELOS—I would possess this woman Merza and hold her as a weapon to bring Judas Maccabeus and his rebels to terms. Think you this can be accomplished?

CALEB—with thy help, good sir. Go thou with me and thou thyself shalt have the pleasure of bearing away the maiden.

MELOS—Hark you further. This rebellion must be brought to an end. To do this, their leaders must be disposed of. Dost thou understand? Dost thou divine my meaning?

CALEB—Do I divine?

MELOS—To be more plain, thou art to slay Mattathias.

CALEB (*aside*)—Slay Mattathias. (*Hesitates a moment.*) I'll do it! Give me but the gold thou hast promised, and it shall be done.

MELOS—Thou shalt have it. (*Takes bag of coin from pouch carried at side.*) I give you part; the rest when the work is done. Here, take the accursed stuff. (*Throws bag of coin at feet of CALEB, then walks to C. D., and looks out.*)

CALEB (*grasping bag*)—Gold, gold! Ha, ha ha! Gold for what? For the life of Mattathias. Well, ha, ha, hal 'Tis quickly done, and then I shall live in luxury and win the favor of the King.

MELOS (*returning*)—But remember, Jew, if thou shovest a sign of treachery, this point shall reach thy marrow.

CALEB—Thou art a most generous lord.

MELOS—Expect not too much from my generosity. When wouldest thou proceed?

CALEB—At once, good sir.

MELOS—I go with thee. (*Taking cloak which lies on chair and throwing it about him*).

DARIUS (*interposing*)—Melos, I fear some treachery.

MELOS—Dost thou know a Greek to fear? 'Tis a dangerous plan, but I long for this kind of adventure. (*To CALEB*) Come, lead on, Jew. (*To DARIUS*) Farewell, my good Darius; may the gods shower pleasures upon thee in my absence, and when next we meet thou shalt hear of the end of this rebellion, and the betrothed wife of Judas Maccabaeus shall be my slave.

(*Curtain*)

ACT III.

SCENE.—*The abode of Mattathias in the mountains. Night; rude hut, R. 3 E., with doorway; table and low couch R. C.; chair L. C.; rocky elevation, rear; steps leading up C.; exits R. and L. U. E.; MATTATHIAS discovered sitting with arm resting on table.*

(Enter MERZA from hut; goes to C.)

MATTA.—Caleb!

MERZA (turning to MATTATHIAS)—Thou didst call, good Mattathias? (Goes to side of MATTATHIAS.)

MATTA.—Ah, Merza, art thou near? Nay, I did but call for Caleb.

MERZA—Caleb hath gone, I know not whither.

MATTA.—Well, so be it. On some errand, perhaps. He will soon return. Yes, Caleb doth serve me faithfully.

MERZA—'Tis a pity; were he not so deformed he might serve thee better. But tell me, good Mattathias, think you not that Antiochus will relent and grant our people the liberty which they crave?

MATTA.—I would it were so; but alas, Merza, in thy gentle youth, thy love for righteousness, thou knowest not the evils of this world. Thou knowest not the character of these barbarians. Nay, Antiochus will not relent. He seeks the destruction of our race; but Judea shall triumph.

MERZA—Heaven grant it may be thus.

MATTA.—Merza, 'tis not meet that thou shouldst endure the hardships of a soldier's camp. To-morrow thou and thy brother Attalus shall be conducted safely to thy home in Mispath. But come, fair one, let us speak of things more pleasant than cruel war. (A trumpet call is heard at a short distance R.)

MERZA (starting up, goes to C., looking out to R.)—'Tis Judas.

(MATTATHIAS, rising, goes to L. C. Enter R. 2 E., JUDAS, ATTALUS, APPHUS, ABARON, THASI, GADDIS, ALPHEUS and two extras, who act as guards. Group R. C.)

JUDAS (embracing MERZA)—I greet thee, Merza, and may the blessings of the evening hour be with thee. (Turning to MATTATHIAS.) Father, all is in readiness for our departure.

MATTA.—'Tis well. Go thou, my son, with thy brethren, and speak words of cheer to the faithful who are assembled, and impart the message which I have given thee.

JUDAS—All this shall be done. Thy blessing, father, before we go.

(*All kneel and MATTATHIAS gives his blessing, after which they rise.*)

JUDAS (*to guards*)—Come, then, let us hence.

(*All except ALPHEUS file out L. U. E., by way of stone steps. ALPHEUS remains on guard.*)

JUDAS (*turning to MERZA*)—Farewell, Merza. (*Goes to L. U. E. MATTATHIAS and MERZA cross R. C. looking after JUDAS and ATTALUS, who depart together, JUDAS turning before he exits.*)

JUDAS—Farewell. (*Exits L. U. E.*)

MATTA.—God speed to ye all.

MERZA—They are gone.

MATTA.—Yea brave and loyal sons. My days are few, and soon Judas must take up my work. Wilt thou remain, Merza?

(*ALPHEUS advances to L. C.*)

MERZA—Yea, I will await their return.

MATTA.—The folds of night are approaching; the stars multiply in the heavens and the air grows chill. I will to rest. (*To MERZA*) Peace be with thee, Merza, and (*to ALPHEUS*) thee, Alpheus. (*Exit MATTATHIAS in hut.*)

MERZA (*following MATTATHIAS to door*)—Ah, brave, good Mattathias! He hath the noblest virtues of our race. (*Goesto L. C.; drops in chair L.*) And to-morrow we go to Mispah. Dear old Mispah. Ah, memories of peace and happiness now thrown into chaos by unjust, cruel war. (*To ALPHEUS R. C.*) Ah, Alpheus, and thou dost hold vigil to-night?

ALPH.—Yea, Merza; though in this fastness it needs but little watching. The passes are well guarded, and no enemy could reach here.

MERZA—And think you that Antiochus will send his legions hither?

ALPH.—Ah, Merza, Antiochus is a cruel despot, and will stop at nothing to bring our people to submission, but the blow for freedom has been struck, and we shall meet them with arms as strong as d weapons as resistless.

MERZA (*rising*)—Would that I were a soldier and could wield a sword. (*Goes to R. C.*)

ALPH.—Were all hearts as brave as thine, Merza, the battle were quickly won.

MERZA (*taking cloak from couch and throwing it about her, goes up on rocky steps*)—Alpheus, but a short distance along yonder path is an overhanging rock. I will go thither to watch the camp fire of our people, who are assembled in the valley below. (*Starts to R.*)

ALPH.—Nay, go not, Merza. The path is rocky and treacherous, and thou mayest come to grief, and beside, Judas bade me look well to thy safety.

MERZA—Hold thy good council, Alpheus. By the moon's bright rays I can see my way safely. I will return anon. (*Exit R. U. E.*)

ALPH. (*calling after MERZA*)—Merza! Well, if thou wilt go, I will not stay thee. Women will ever have their way. (*Turning to L. 3 E.*) Hello! Who comes? Stand thou! Ho, 'tis thou, Caleb.

(*Enter CALEB L. 3 E., leaning on staff.*)

CALEB (*hobbling to R. C.*)—Yea, 'tis I. (*Looking about cautiously.*)

ALPH.—Whither hast thou been that thou returnest at this belated hour?

CALEB—'Tis no concern of thine, whither I have been.

ALPH.—Thou art in ill humor indeed.

CALEB—Hark ye (*going to ALPHIEUS*). I did meet Judas—thou art to go thither at once—to their meeting place.

ALPH. (*aside*)—This is strange, yet if Judas gave thee this message I shall go. (*Exits L. U. E.* CALEB *follows to steps and looks after him.*)

CALEB (*chuckling*)—Fool! fool! fool! (*Starts suddenly, looks about cautiously, and then takes bag of go'd from tunic.*) A-a-h, 'tis still there (*replaces it, then glides to door of hut. Distant thunder. Goes to C.*) A storm approaches. (*Goes to L. 3 E., gives a signal.*)

(*Enter MELOS L. 3 E., disguised with cloak.*)

CALEB—S-s-s-sh—(*they advance L. C.*)

MELOS—This is the place?

CALEB—Yes—in yonder hut. (*Lightning and peal of thunder. Caleb starts in alarm.*) The storm is breaking.

MELOS—Good. 'Tis a perfect night for the work. Now to

it quickly. Here! (Hands short blade to CALEB. CALEB trembling as he reaches for it. Flash of lightning and peal of thunder.)

MELOS—What, man! By the gods, thou dost shake as if pursued by the fiends.—Go! (Ca'eb takes several steps toward door then starts back in alarm. Glides to side of MELOS and motions him back. Lightning and thunder.)

CALEB—Back! See me one comes! (MELOS and CALEB exit L. 3 E.)

(Enter MATTATHIAS from door of hut.)

MATTA.—A storm is gathering and soon will break in all its fury. (Lightning and thunder.) Alpheus!—Not here—and Merza? Ah, dear child, she hath taken herself to rest. How oppressive is the air—all is quiet save the rumble of distant thunder. Well, 'tis better so. (Sits at tab'e. Ca'eb enters stea'thy L. 3 E. and creeps toward MATTATHIAS from rear.) Better the peace and quiet of this solitude than the taunts and blows of our oppressors. Oh Judea, Judea, the land of our fathers, how art thou fallen into the hands of these lawless gentiles. (CALEB just in act of striking MATTATHIAS. Flash of lightning and loud peal of thunder.)

MATTA (rising quick'y, confronts CALEB, who recoils)—Caleb!

MELOS (rear)—By the gods, he falters.

MATTA. (discovering MELOS)—Greek, why art thou here?

MELOS (throwing off cloak)—Disguise avails no longer. (To CALEB) Strike, thou wretched fool!

CALEB (dropping sword)—No! I cannot! (Taking bag of go'd throws it to MELOS.) Take thy gold and go hence! (To MATTATHIAS, falling on knees) Master, I have betrayed thee!

MELOS (in rage)—Thou dost play me false—then die for thy rashness (rushes to CALEB and grasps him by throat)—foul slave—thou hideous mass of deformity—hence I say—hence! (throws CALEB to L.) and the curses of the fiends go with thee! (During struggle MATTATHIAS falls in faint at tab'e. MELOS draws his sword and starts toward MATTATHIAS.

(Enter MERZA R. U. E., looks with horror, rushes quickly between MATTATHIAS and MELOS.)

MERZA—Hold, coward! (MELOS recoil's, goes up on rocks, looks to R. and L., comes back to R. of MERZA, grasps her by wrist.)

MELOS (*hissing*)—Woman, thou didst elude me once; this time thou shalt not!

(MELOS *attempts to throw cloak about MERZA'S face. She strug'les. Enter JUDAS l. u. E. Discovers MERZA and MELOS. Rushes to MELOS. SIX GUARDS rush in L. 3 E. to L. C. JUDAS grasps MELOS and hurls him to L. C., where GUARDS hold him.*)

JUDAS (*to MELOS as he grasps him*)—Scoundrel! Thou dog of Antiochus!

(ATTALUS *takes charge of MERZA r. c. ALPHEUS re'lieves MELOS of his sword and throws it R. C.*)

JUDAS (*turning to MATTATHIAS*)—Father, what means this treachery?

MATTA. (*reviving*)—Ah! Caleb—Caleb—Ah! Judas art here and—Merza—Merza! Ah, it all comes back to me now—the Greek— Yes, there lies the traitor (*pointing to CALEB*)

ALL (*in chorus*)—Caleb!

GUARD (*kneeling beside CALEB*)—He is dead!

ALPH.—The same fate to this treacherous Greek!

GUARDS (*in chorus*)—Yes! Yes! Death to him!

MATTA. (*rising*)—Stay! Kill not! Besides, 'twould do no good. Rather let us deal in a kinder way with our enemies. (*To MELOS*) Greek, thou hast come here with evil intent under the guidance of yon traitor, whom thou didst corrupt with gold. Thou art in our power and hath merited death, yet I will stay the sentence. Go hence, and let it be known that we seek not sword and bloodshed, but rather that peace and quiet should reign in the laws of our fathers. Guards, give him safe conduct beyond our lines. Go!—

(*Exit R. U. E. ALPHEUS first, MELOS next, and TWO GUARDS fo'low. APPHUS, GADDIS, ABARON and THASI remain L. C. MATTATHIAS advances L. C. JUDAS l. c. MERZA and ATTALUS r. c.*)

MATTATHIAS, *after guards with MELOS have made exit, throws hand to his heart, gives sharp cry of pain, staggers and reels. JUDAS catches him in arms.*)

JUDAS (*in alarm*)—Father! (ATTALUS and MERZA *rush to his side*)

MATTA. (*gasping*)—As though a knife had pierced my heart.

JUDAS—Thou art ill, father! (*Leading him to couch.*)

MATTA.—Yea, ill unto death—'tis the end.

JUDAS—Nay, say not so—Some wine, Apphus. (APPHUS *brings goblet.*)

MATTA.—'Tis of no avail. I feel it is the last. My life's work is at an end. Come, my sons, Judas, Apphus, Gaddis, Abaron and Thasi, come that I may speak to you while yet life remains. (*They all gather around. MERZA supports MATTATHIAS from rear of couch.*) Oh, my sons, be ye zealous for the law, and give your lives for the covenant of your fathers, and thus consider through all generations that none who trust in Him fail in strength. Fear not the words of a sinful despot, for his glory shall be short. Today he is lifted up, to-morrow he shall not be found. Thou, Judas (*JUDAS kneels before MATTATHIAS*), art valiant and strong, therefore I charge thee to be the leader of your army and manage war of our people. Do this, and thy name shall be honored unto all generations. Farewell, and peace be with thee. (*Expires.*)

(*Curtain.*)

ACT IV.

SCENE—Camp of Judas Maccabeus. A forest; night; moonlight effect; several tents and campfire in background; four guards with shields and spears grouped about campfire; guards sing an appropriate chorus as curtain rises; directly after song is ended a distant bugle call is sounded; guards rise in haste and look out R. U. E.

GUARDS (*in chorus*)—Ah! 'tis Apphus! Apphus returns!
(Guards line up in rear four abreast and present spears; enter APPHUS and guards. They go through drill, then line up R. and L.) APPHUS L. 1 E.

(Enter JUDAS R. U. E.; all present spears as he enters.)

JUDAS—Greeting, brother (*embraces APPHUS*), and (*to guards*) welcome, brave sons of Judea. May victory continue to shine on us. What news, Apphus?

APPHUS—'Tis reported that Appollonius, with a large army from Samaria, is advancing.

JUDAS—'Tis well. Though we are small in number, the hand of justice will lead us on to victory. Aye, we shall be prepared to give him battle. *(Low shouts from R. U. E.)*

JUDAS (*turning*)—How, now, guards? What shouts are these?

(Enter LAZYCUS, struggling between two guards.)

LAZ. (*shouting*)—Nay, nay, I am no spy! I tell thee, I am no spy!

GUARDS (*as they drag him to C.*)—He is a spy! He is a Greek.

JUDAS—Release him, guards. *(Guards obey.)* Friend, I see thou art a Greek?

LAZ.—A-a-aye, most noble sir.

JUDAS—What wouldest thou in the camp of Maccabeus?

LAZ. (*trembling*)—My name is Lazycus, and I fain would become a soldier.

JUDAS—Ah, indeed. And why dost thou come here instead of the camp of Apollonius?

LAZ.—Aye, most noble sir, I would join your army for Z-z-z-Zach!-Zach!-Zachariast! By Pollux, I have it at last! Yes, most noble sir, Zach told me that you feed your soldiers on pie and cake. *(All laugh in chorus)*

JUDAS—My worthy friend, thou hast been misled, but we

do not starve them, as you see. If thou art resolved to join our forces then swear that thou wilt be true and loyal to the cause for which we fight.

LAZ.—I swear by Jupiter and all the gods!

GUARDS (*in chorus*)—O-o-o-oh!

JUDAS—Swear not by your temporary gods, for they are only the work of man, but swear by the most high, the one God.

LAZ.—Aye, aye, I swear. (*Aside*) I'll swear to anything.

JUDAS—Guards, conduct him to the tent, give him armor, shield and spear, that he may be prepared to face the enemy.

(*Exit guards with LAZYCUS R. U. E.*)

JUDAS (C., addressing soldiers)—Fellow-countrymen and loyal soldiers, bravely have you fought, side by side. Armies have come against us but we have met them with point of steel. In the clash of arms our mighty blows have carried terror and destruction into the ranks of our foes. Sword crossing sword, shield pressing shield, foot by foot you fought the field. Pressing onward in the strife mid the litter of burnished steel, dealing forth such ponderous blows of sword and spear, you have a soldier's heart that knows no fear. We have met! We have fought! We have conquered! We have fought for law and liberty and have been crowned with victory; but all is not gained. Even now Apollonius with an army from Samaria is advancing to meet us in battle, and therefore, oh, my fellow soldiers, no other time remains more opportune than the present for courage and contempt of dangers; for if you now fight manfully you may recover the liberty of your country, of your laws and of your religion. Justice and our good cause fight upon our side. Prepare yourselves, therefore, that you may be ready to boldly face the enemy. Remember the parting words of Mattathais, and when the hour comes we'll set upon them with the fury of tempest that drives all before it! (*Turning to APPHUS*) Good night, dear brother. (*They embrace.*) I will repair to my tent, for it grows late, and before another sun has sunk beyond yonder mountains, we may be called to the field of battle and may God grant us strength that we may deal a blow that will gain for us an everlasting victory. (*To soldiers*) Good night, my loyal countrymen and brothers, good night. (*Exits R. U. E.*)

(*Enter a guard R. 2 E. Salutes APPHUS.*)

APPHUS—What news, my worth guard?

GUARD—Appolonius continues to advance and is now crossing the mountains.

APPHUS—"Tis well. See that the outposts are well guarded.

(*Guard salutes and exits R. 2 E. Shouts from R. U. E. Guards look out.*)

APPHUS—Ah! our new member, Lazycus, comes!

(Enter LAZYCUS R. U. E. dressed in comic military. Guards laugh in chorus as LAZYCUS enters.)

LAZ.—Verily, this is joy unconfined. With music and song let us make merry. (LAZYCUS sings.)

LAZ. (*when song is conc'nded*)—At last, at last, oh, ye gods, I am a soldier. Ah, Zach, if thou couldst only see me now! (Goes to rear.)

(Enter JUDAS R. U. E.)

JUDAS—Apphus, I return. The hour drags with me. I am ill at ease, and I feel as though something were about to transpire.

APPHUS—Be assured, my dear brother, all is well and the outposts are strongly guarded.

JUDAS (*looking out R. and starting in alarm*)—Look, Apphus! Who comes? There in the moonlit open plain. Seest thou not three forms advancing?

APPHUS (*looking out R.*)—Ay! I see them, brother, and one appears to be wounded, for he staggers heavily.

JUDAS—See to it, Apphus. (Exit APPHUS R. U. E.) Now, what can this portend? (Crosses L.) Wounded when no enemy is near—they come.

(Enter GUARDS supporting ATTALUS, who is wounded.)

ATTALUS (*breaking away from GUARDS, staggers to JUDAS*)—Judas!

JUDAS (*catching ATTALUS in his arms*)—Attalus!

ATTALUS (*exhausted*)—Tarry not—with me. I have—my death. Haste—haste ere it be too late—the enemy—the enemy—Oh— (Faints. JUDAS lowers him to reclining position, knee'ing beside him and supporting head on left arm.)

JUDAS—Some wine, quick! He is wounded to death. (GUARD brings cup of wine, JUDAS holds it to lips of ATTALUS; he revives.) Attalus! Attalus! Speak man! Awake!

ATTALUS (*in delirium*)—There—there—my sword—quick—quick— Oh the cowards—assassins—murderers! (Falls back exhausted.)

JUDAS—Oh, accursed be they who have wrought this deed. Attalus, in God's name, what hath befallen thee?

ATTALUS (*reviving again*)—Yea—yea—lead on—the enemy—lies—in the Citron Grove.

JUDAS—In the Citron Grove?

ATTALUS (*with much exertion*)—Aye, Misrah is taken by the tyrants— Husbands—wives—brothers and sisters! young and old—are torn asunder. The streets run red with innocent blood. The paths are filled with dead and dying. The roads are lined with crosses to which they nailed our faithful, and not content with this hellish work, they cast oil on them and burned them alive. (*Soldiers make exclamation of horror.*) We fought —oh, we fought bravely, and fell fighting like true soldiers, many never to rise again. But with God's help I dragged myself hither to warn thee—Merza!—Merza!— (*Falls back exhausted.*)

JUDAS (*gasping*)—Merza! (*Distressed.*) Yes, speak, Attalus, what of Merza!

ATTALUS—In the camp of Appolonius.

JUDAS—No! No! not that!

ATTALUS—My wounds bear witness I did all to save her, I—can not last—I—grow faint and—death—is upon me. If thou dost love Merza—then save her—save her, Judas. I charge thee— Farewell—fare—well (*falls back and dies, L. C.*).

JUDAS (*knee'ing beside*)—He is dead. Brave soul, speed thee to everlasting glory. (*Rising gently, goes to C.*) Merza a prisoner in the camp of Appolonius? A fate worse than death. Merza, I will save thee! Fellow soldiers, behold the work of the enemy!

GUARDS (*in chorus*)—Revenge!—Revenge!

JUDAS—Revenge? Aye, their blood cries to heaven for vengeance. To arms! To arms! Soldiers! Comrades! Countrymen! Sound the war-note and let us on to battle!

Welcome the flash of glittering steel,

The clanging sword and shield.

Welcome the sound of the trumpets' peal,

Resonant o'er the crimson field!

Once more I ask, are you all resolved?

GUARDS (*in chorus*)—All! All!

JUDAS—Then look to your arms, for we go to storm the tyrant's camp. Few as we are, we'll set upon them with a fury that shall shake all Judea. (*Drawing sword.*) Now to the field of battle; the word's Revenge!

(*Curtain.*)

ACT V.

SCENE—The camp of Apollonius. A forest; night; moonlight effect; four low couches with drapery, forming semi-circle, to rear; principals seated carelessly, partly reclining on couches, occupying positions as follows: APOLLONIUS and ALTHEA, couch left, front; VIRTURIUS and CYRENE, right, front; a GREEK OFFICER and LYDIA, left, rear; a GREEK OFFICER and MYRA, right, rear; FOUR GREEK GUARDS, with shields and spears, grouped extreme rear; DOROTHY and SIBYL sitting on ground before LYDIA and MYRA respectively, waving garlands. Occupants of couches hold gold or silver wine goblets. As curtain rises a short, lively, appropriate chorus shou'd be sung by all, swinging wine cups in unison with song. TITUS and LINUS, carrying bronze urns, move about during song and fill goblets.

APOL. (*when song is ended*)—Truly, my friends, this revelry doth cheer me. Yea, feast and be merry on the eve of battle, and to-morrow we'll send those famished, beggarly rebels to the land of their unknown God.

CYRENE (*rising, flourishing goblet and shouting with sarcasm*)—Yes, give no quarter to the vagabonds and rascals!

(*All laugh in chorus. CYRENE is seated again.*)

LYDIA (*following CYRENE*)—Yes; death to the wretches who refuse the laws of Antiochus!

ALL (*in chorus*)—Aye, aye, death to the Jews!

(*A trumpet call from without. Guards rush to R. U. E. and look out. All attention directed to R. U. E.*)

GUARDS—'Tis Melos, 'tis Melos!

(*Enter MELOS and DARIUS R. U. E.*)

ALL (*in chorus, flourishing goblets*)—Hail, hail, to the noble Melos! Hail to the victorious Melos! (DARIUS goes to R. C., MELOS c.)

MELOS (*saluting APOLLONIUS*)—A greeting, your excellency.

APOL. (*rising*)—Melos, thou art welcome into the camp of Apollonius. Thy success at Mispah has already been heralded. Hast thou many captives?

MELOS—Aye, your excellency, about five hundred.

APOL. (*aside*)—Five hundred! 'Tis a goodly number. Gods, what a spectacle twould make to drag the wretches through the streets of Antioch at our chariot wheels. (*To MELOS*) Hark you, Melos. We will reserve the younger ones for the beasts and combats of the arena. The old ones we'll quickly dispose of, and the women—well, ha! ha! ha! I have need of more slaves, Melos. But come, mingle in our joys. A toast to thy victory. (*Handing a goblet to MELOS.*) On with the song, and let revelry rule the hour.

(*Song by the ladies; a solo or duet. APOLLONIUS and MELOS seat themselves. Toward end of song MELOS rises and exits R. U. E., followed by two of the guards. When song is ended a trumpet call is sounded without.*)
 (Enter NAHUM in chains, followed by two guards, R. U. E.; advance C.)

APOL. (*to guards*)—Now, by my faith, whom do you bring before me?

GUARD (*saluting*)—Your excellency, 'tis one of the captives from Misbah.

APOL. (*sneeringly*)—And doth such creatures compose this rebel horde whom we are to meet? (*Aside*) gods, 'twere better the women of our realm, armed with their needles, had been sent against them. (*To NAHUM*) Thou gray-beard! What hast thou to say for breaking the laws of Antiochus?

(NAHUM makes no answer, but turns a look of disdain upon APOLLONIUS. One of the guards takes a scourge from his belt, and, raising it high, delivers a stinging blow across NAHUM'S shoulders.)

GUARD (*as NAHUM staggers and falls forward with a groan*)—Answer when thou art commanded! (*Steps back with a look of fiendish delight as NAHUM writhes and groans.*) Answer, or thou shalt again taste the lash! (*Raises arm to deliver another blow.*)

(Enter MERZA, R. U. E., silently, in chains; discovers guard about to strike NAHUM.)

MERZA (*gives sharp cry of terror*)—Stay! Barbarians! Fiends! (*Rushes with outstretched arms between guard and NAHUM. All start in amazement. MERZA throws herself down beside NAHUM; recoils with expression of terror, as she recognizes NAHUM.*) Father!

NAHUM (*with startled expression*)—Father?—that voice—that voice! (*Rises, assisted by MERZA.*)

APOL. (*fiercely*)—Who is this woman?

NAHUM (*with a mingled cry of joy and despair recognizes MERZA. MERZA rushes to him; he embraces her*)—My child! My child! (*Aside*) Alas! Thou wert better dead. (*They stand L. C.*)

APOL. (*fiercely*)—Tis a hoax to gain freedom. Guards, seize yonder slave!

NAHUM (*as guards start forward, places MERZA quickly to his right and stands with arms aloft in defiant attitude, trembling with rage*)—Back! back, dogs! Brutes! Lest I rend thee asunder. (*Guards cower. NAHUM, aside.*) The fire of youth again courses through my veins. (*Recoiling.*) Ah! (*holding up chains*), yet how powerless are we in the hands of these barbarians. (*To MERZA, in undertone*) Child, by the love of all that is saered, let not thy name be known. (*Turns to APOLLONIUS.*) Sir!

APOL. (*sarcastically*)—Aye, hypocrite, thou wouldest now plead for mercy?

NAHUM—Mercy? Aye! Not for me, but for her; for my child. She hath done no wrong. Pass sentence on me—scourge, torture, slay me; but spare my child! Spare her!

APOL. (*impatiently*)—Enough! This unmelodious tongue-clatter doth annoy me. If thou wouldest be free, then swear allegiance to the King.

NAHUM—Swear—allegiance—to the King?

MERZA (*to Nahum*)—No!

NAHUM (*to Apollonius*)—No!

GREEKS (*in chorus*)—He refuses the law! He denies the King! Death to him!

NAHUM (*to MERZA, in despair*)—Child, I cannot save thee. My heart breaks. Jehova, be thou merciful.

APOL. (*fiercely*)—Soldiers, seize yon traitorous rebel! (*Guards start forward to seize him.*)

MERZA (*throwing herself before NAHUM*)—You shall not! No; you shall not! (*Guards hesitate.*)

APOL. (*furiously, rising up from couch L. C.*)—By the gods, since when are soldiers cowered by a woman? Tear them asunder!

(NAHUM and MERZA are seized and separated by the four guards.)

NAHUM (*as guards seize him*)—Farewell—my child—farewell—

MERZA (*breaking away from guards, kneels in pleading attitude*)—Father—father—mercy—

APOL. (*as guards are taking NAHUM out.*)—Away with the carrion, to yonder leige. (MERZA *utters cry of agony and falls prostrate.*) 'Tis fully a hundred feet down, and there let the hyenas and wolves hold high revel upon his carcass! (*Guards exit with NAHUM R. U. E.* APOLLONIUS *follows to rear, then returns to C, looks down at MERZA and gives low chuckle.*)

MERZA (*reviving, partly raising*)—Father—they shall not take him—no—no. (*Discovers APOLLONIUS.*) In mercy, let me die.

APOL.—By Venus! thy beauty charms me. Nay, nay, girl, thou art too young to die. Thou hast not yet tasted the joys of life. (*Takes step toward her. MERZA starts to her feet in frightened manner, R. C.; clasps hands and looks up appealingly.*)

APOL.—Ha, ha, ha. (*To Greeks*) See, friends, she invokes an invisible deity. (*to MERZA*) Where is this God to whom thou prayest? I see him not.

(MERZA makes no answer.)

CYRENE (*going up to MERZA, sarcastically*) Yes, let us see Him, and if he be a jolly God, like Bacchus, we will deck him with roses!

(*Greeks all laugh in chorus.*)

ALTHEA (*advancing as did CYRENE*)—Aye, show him to us and we will crown him the Queen of the Jews!

(*Greeks all laugh in chorus.*)

APOL.—Girl, thou shalt join in our love feast to-night, and on the morrow I may be disposed to give thee liberty. The wine cup—aye, bring hither the wine cup (*slave boy, L. C., brings cup*), and we'll see how well thou canst give a toast to Bacchus and in return we will give one to thy invisible Jove. (MERZA stands silent and impassive, R. C.) Perhaps thou wert wont to have a lover who is not with us, but thou shalt have lovers. Aye, here thou shalt have lovers by the score!

MERZA (*turning on APOLLONIUS fiercely*)—Enough! Thou canst torture my body but not my soul.

APOL. (*aside*)—By Venus, a choice flower to grace the Greek camp. Come, I would know thy name, girl.

(MERZA is silent.)

(Enter MELOS R. U. E. *Recognizes MERZA.*)

APOL. (*in rage grasps MERZA by wrist and forces her to knees*)—Answer, slave, when I command! Thy name!

MELOS (*crosses to R. C.; salutes APOLLONIUS*)—A word, your excellency. (APOLLONIUS still holding MERZA.) This woman is known to me as the betrothed wife of Judas Maccabeus.

APOL. (*startled, releases hold on MERZA; goes to L. C.*)—Betrothed to Judas Maccabeus? Melos, art thou sure of this?

MELOS—Let her deny it.

APOL. (*to MERZA*)—Woman thou hast heard. What hast thou to say?

(MERZA makes no answer.)

APOL.—Answer me, slave! Is this outlaw thy lover? Answer, or by Mars I'll have thee scourged!

(MERZA makes no answer.)

APOL.—Thy silence is a confirmation. (*Aside*) By the fury of the gods, we have the very instrument to humble this outlaw and his vagabond followers. (*To MELOS*) Ah, I have it, Melos! (MELOS crosses to L. C. and stands before APOLLONIUS.) Dispatch a messenger at once to their camp and inform this rebel Maccabeus that we have his betrothed in our power, and only on condition that they lay down their arms and surrender to me will I spare her. Should he refuse, then she dies. Go, Melos, see to it at once.

(*Exit MELOS R.*)

APOL. (*to MERZA*)—Now, woman, wilt thou make answer?

MERZA (*defiantly*)—No!

APOL.—Now, by Jupiter, I will be obeyed! Guard, put her to the whip!

(*Guard who has scourge at hand makes ready to execute command.*)

APOL.—Strike, and spare not the lashes!

(*As guard raises arm to strike a quick trumpet call is heard in the distance; guard recoils; commotion and alarm.*)

APOL.—How, now? Was that not a call to arms?

ALL (*in chorus*)—Aye! Aye! your excellency. (*All excited.*)

APOL. (*oudly*)—Then look to it quickly!

(*Another bugle call; APOLLONIUS goes to C, MERZA rushes to L. 1 E.; Greek ladies, maidens and slave boys make hurried exit R. and L.*)

MELOS (*dashes in R. 2 E., shouting*)—To arms! to arms! We are attacked by the rebels! They have taken the outposts and are advancing, led on by Judas Maccabeus!

APOL.—Judas Maccabeus! Now, by Mars, what treachery is abroad. (*Clash of arms in the distance.*) Hark! Already I hear their alarm! (*Drawing sword.*) On, soldiers, advance our standards and charge upon the foe! Look well to your swords and give no quarter. On, I say, and may the gods smile on our victory!

(*All exit R., except MERZA, who remains L.*)

MERZA (*looking about in terror*)—They are gone! (*Goes to R. 3 E., looks out, staggers back in horror.*) They are fighting fiercely. Oh, soldiers of Judea, may your blades be guided by the power above, and may you triumph over these barbarians. (C.) 'Tis not safe to remain here, but whither shall I go? (*Sinks down beside couch L. C.*) Judas, I plead for thee. Mayest thou be granted a victory. (*Clash of arms and low shouting in distance.*)

(Enter APOLLONIUS *hastily, followed by MELOS R. U. E.*)

APOL. (L. C.)—By the furies of Hercules, they fight like demons!

MELOS (R. C.)—Withdraw, your excellency; withdraw your forces further off. They press us hard!

APOL. (*in rage*)—No! I'll not withdraw. Here will I stand of fall. I've set my life on it. What! Thinkest thou the imperial army of Antiochus shall be driven from the field by a lawless mob? No! By the immortal gods, I say no! (*Crosses to R. C., looks out to R., starts back in alarm.*) Look you, Melos. Do mine eyes play me false in the dim morning light, for by the Fates, our soldiers appear to fall back?

MELOS (*looking*)—Aye; it doth so appear.

APOL. (*furious*)—By the immortal gods, they do give way. (*To soldiers without*) Charge! Charge on them, or, by my soul, I'll cleave the first that turns his face! Charge, I say; for I swear to have the head of Maccabeus!

(MERZA gives *low cry.*)

APOL. (*turning sharp'y*)—What, slave, thou here? (*Grasps her rough'y by the wrist.*) By the fury of the fiends, I'll silence thee quickly. (*Raises sword to strike her. Loud shouting and clash of arms from without. Apollonius recoils.*)

MELOS—We're lost! We're lost! (APOLLONIUS *casts MERZA aside and rushes to MELOS.* MERZA L. C.) See, our soldiers are driven back again, and fall like chaff before the wind. Some invisible power seems to be abroad, for

no mortal blows could work such havoc in our ranks. (*Shouts from L.*) Hark to yonder shouts! We are beset on all sides! Come, your excellency, I'll help thee to safety. Fly while you have time.

APOL. (*to MELOS*)—The curses of all the gods be on thy cowardly head. I'll not fly! (*Turning to MERZA.*) Woman! Thou, the betrothed wife of Judas Maccabeus? Ha, ha, ha! Well, then, let him come! Let him come, I say! He will find a corpse, for thou shalt not live to grace his victory! (*Rushes at MERZA as if to slay her.*)

(*Enter JUDAS, quickly, L. 2 E.; crosses swords with APOLLONIUS; APPHUS rushes in L. U. E., and drives MELOS off R. APOLLONIUS recoils R 1 E.*)

JUDAS (*discovers MERZA*)—Merza! (*Throws down shield and clasps her in arms.*) Thank God!

MERZA—Judas!

APOL. (*hissing*)—Judas Maccabeus?

JUDAS (*with defiance*)—Aye, tyrant! Well met.

APOL. (*in rage*)—Melos! Darius! By my soul, the devils have betrayed me. (*To JUDAS*) She is my slave. Aside, or, by the gods, I'll cleave thee!

JUDAS—Thy blade were wont to serve a better master. (*Enter APPHUS R. U. E.*) Apphus, look you to Merza. (*APPHUS takes charge of MERZA.*)

JUDAS (*to APOLLONIUS; loud shouts from R.*)—Hark you, Apollonius, to yonder shouts of victory. The vengeance of God hath fallen upon thy army. Thy course is run; thy tyrannies are at an end. Aye, thou knowest well how to murder women and children. If thou art not a base coward, then measure swords with a man. (*Goes to C.*) Come, I'll meet thee fair!

APOL.—May the gods blast thee, rebel! I'll not give way! (*Rushes at JUDAS. They fight, going through a series of broad-sword movements, ending with APOLLONIUS receiving a thrust, and he falls C. MERZA rushes to left of JUDAS, who takes her in arms.*)

(*Enter victorious Maccabee soldiers R. U. E., driving Greek soldiers before them, fighting as they come on.*)

JUDAS—The day is won, and victory is ours!

ALL (*in chorus*)—Victory, and long live the Maccabees!

(*Curtain*)



LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 016 117 903 6